

The Kings Community Telegraph

\$2 per annum.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 1, NO. 20.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 530

THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
T. A. PLANTS & Co.
Office in Third Story of Branch's Brick Building, near
the Court-House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
\$1.50 in advance, \$2.00, if paid
within the year; or \$2.50
if not paid until the
year has expired.

IF no paper will be discontinued until all arrears
are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
IF TO CLUBS of ten or more, the paper will be
furnished at a liberal discount in price.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to
the contrary, are deemed to have authorized the
publication of their names.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their
papers, the publishers can continue to send them until
all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers refuse to take their papers from
the office to which they are directed, they are held
responsible for the bills, and their names are
not to be discontinued.

4. If any subscriber removes to another place with-
out informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to
the former address, the subscriber is held responsible.

5. The courts will not take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving
it unattended, as prima facie evidence of intentional
fraud.

Notes of Advertising.

Business Cards, if less or more, one year, \$3.00
One square, three lines or less, three weeks, .25
Each subsequent insertion, .10

One square three months, .75
One square six months, 1.25
One square one year, 2.00

One-fourth column one year, 20.00
One-half column one year, 30.00
Three-fourths of a column one year, 40.00
One column one year, 50.00

IF advertisements not having the number of in-
sertions marked, on copy, will be continued until fur-
ther ordered, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL--LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Pomero, O. Office in the Court House. 21

JOHN S. BANTA, Attorney at Law, Pomero, O.
HANS & RABARTH, Attorneys at Law, Pomero,
Ohio. All business entrusted to their care will
receive prompt attention. [Nov. 3, '57--m25.]

PHYSICIANS.

DR. H. C. WATERMAN offers his professional ser-
vices to the citizens of Rutland and surrounding
country. [Nov. 7--m25.]

BANKERS.

DANIEL & HATHORN, Bankers, Bank Block,
Court-street, Pomero, O. Collections made
and promptly remitted. [Nov. 7--m25.]

DRY GOODS CLOTHING.

BRADY & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries,
&c., Hardware, Queensware, &c. East side of
Court-street, three doors above the corner of Front,
Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

STOVES AND TINWARE.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer
in all kinds of Stoves, &c., opposite the
Court-house, Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

MILLS.

MIDDEBORT SASH FACTORY AND PLANING
MILL--All styles of sash, blinds, &c. Made to
be put up, and at low rates, by address-
ing or applying to
J. W. JONES, Middleport, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

JEWELRY.

DICKER LAMBERT, Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles,
Court-street, below the new Bank Building, Pomero,
Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on
short notice and reasonable terms. [Nov. 7--m25.]

W. A. ACHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles,
Court-street, below the new Bank Building, Pomero,
Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on
short notice and reasonable terms. [Nov. 7--m25.]

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford,
Connecticut, O. Branch Agent, Court-street,
Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITEHEAD, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes,
Front Street, below the new Bank Building, Pomero,
Ohio. The best work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to
order. [Nov. 7--m25.]

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

ROBERT McGUIRE & Co., Tanners and Curriers,
Butter-street, (on Sugar Run) Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

MANUFACTURERS.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, have con-
stantly on hand and make to order, a superior
quality of iron and steel work, and are prepared to
execute, by application to the Agent at the Mill, or to
Jan. 15, '58--m25.] L. F. POTTER, Cincinnati.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY.

Building Coalport Salt for Country Trade
Retail, Thirty-Five cents per bushel.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.

Twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Salt
Truck, on Sugar Run, Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.

Salt for Country Trade.
Retail, Thirty-Five cents per bushel, for Country
Trade.

DANNEY SALT COMPANY.

Coalport. Salt for
sale at 35 cents per bushel for country trade.

PLANING MACHINES, &C.

JOHN S. DAVIS, on Sugar Run, Pomero, Ohio,
has Planing Machine in good order and constant
operation. Flooring, Siding, Shingling, &c., kept
constantly on hand, to fill orders. [Nov. 7--m25.]

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new build-
ing, at the Bank Building, Pomero, Ohio. All
work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed
with neatness and dispatch. [Nov. 7--m25.]

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, West side Court
street, fourth door above Court, Pomero, O. [Nov. 7--m25.]

SADDLERY.

JOHN ECKHART, Saddle and Harness Maker,
Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomero,
Ohio. Will execute all work entrusted to his care with neat-
ness and dispatch. Saddles gotten up in the latest
style, and particular attention paid to Mounted and
Plain Harness. [Nov. 7--m25.]

WAGON MAKING.

PETER CHORKE, wagon maker, Mulberry street,
West side, three doors from Bank street, Pomero,
Ohio. Having had long experience in the business,
he is well qualified to execute all orders for wagons,
buggies, carriages, &c., on short notice and at reasonable terms.

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALLEY, Surgeon-Dentist, Pomero, O. All
operations pertaining to the profession promptly per-
formed. Satisfactory waiting upon at the residence of
Dr. Dec. 10.

Select Poetry.

RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

Long ago, a poet, dreaming,
Weaving fancy's warp and woof;
Ponder'd a tender, soothing poem,
On the "Rain upon the Roof."

Once I read it, and its beauty
Filled my heart with memories sweet;
Days of childhood flitted round me,
And my gentle, loving mother.

Spoke again in accents mild,
Curling every wayward passion
Of her happy, thoughtless child,
Then I heard the swallows twitter
Underneath the eaves.

And the laughing shout of white
Up among the maple leaves,
I loved the poet's dreaming,
Blended his fancy's warp and woof,
And I loved my mother's tenderest,
As the rain fell on the roof.

Years ago I lost the poem,
But its sweetness lingers still,
And the freshness in the valley
Marks where flow'd the spring-time rill,
Lost to read, but not to feeling,
For the rain drops on my feet;

O'er my head with patterning music,
And I remember now its lull
With the old, familiar faces,
Tears and treasures long forgot;
For my heart no change can know,
And I live again in childhood.

In the home, far, far away,
Homes the woodman's axe at play,
With my playmates, still at play,
When my gray hairs press the pillow,
Holding all the world alone,
Dreaming sweetly, as I listen
To the rain upon the roof.

Every patter and that fall,
Bringing messages of mercy
And the freshness in the valley
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prospect of my life, and taints the very at-
mosphere I breathe. His dying eyes are
even now before me; their strained balls
protrude with bursting agony--his hands
are clutching at me with a death clasp--
his black and swollen tongue lolls over
his livid lips--his hair stands forcibly
erect--Oh, God! so have I seen him for
unnumbered years, and yet, even now, the
faded image draws the big drop of ag-
ony from my parched and wrinkled brow.

My mode of murder has never yet been
given to the world--nay, not to private
faith. I must repeat the minutes of my
crime--must let the gush of words es-
cape, which have long been pent within
my breast. The details of my horrible of-
fense are strange and most unnatural.
How forcibly is each minute remembrance
stamped upon my brain!

Robert Le Roux was a young French
savant, and related to the family of the
Cepheles. He was mild in manner, and
amiable in temper. His philosophical ex-
ercises had already attracted the notice of
the literati of Europe, and his personal at-
tractions found grace in the eyes of Maria
de Vere, the English lady whom I have
already mentioned. Her beauty, at our
first interview, left an impression on my
soul which years of misery have not obliterated--even now I madly doat upon the
recollection of her charms. I soon con-
vinced to make her acquainted with the in-
fluence which her wondrous beauty exer-
cised over my susceptible heart; and, in
the high vigor of my youth, proud of my
noble birth, and vain of my well-formed
person, I entertained the sweet idea of ul-
timate success, although the preference
given to Le Roux's society was daily and
publicly exhibited.

When Monsieur and Madame Cephele,
and the rest of the party, quitted the vi-
cinity of the Pennine Alps, I followed
them along the banks of the Rhone to the
Lake of Geneva, and sedulously took ad-
vantage of the minutest opportunity af-
forded by the incidents of travel to evince
the tenderness of my feelings toward the
fair Maria. But while my high flow of
spirits and conversational power rendered
me an acceptable companion to the rest of
the party, she, the object of my pursuit,
coldly declined even the smallest civility,
and rejected my proffered attentions with
a firmness that would not brook denial.

Her father bestowed marks of partiality
upon me--in despair, I revealed to him
my love for his daughter, and requested
his intercession in my behalf. He ac-
ceded to my wish. My suit was rejected.
I madly threw myself at her feet, and
prayed permission to be her slave. With
the proud calmness of the frigid islanders,
she motioned me from the room, and as
she turned away, I thought that I de-
tected a smile of contempt sully her
pale but lovely face.

I need not tell you, holy father, that
this conduct sent my impetuous blood in
sizzling torrents to my heart. Why was
I despised? Misery had not then scarred
my countenance, nor guilt defiled my
brow. The learned and gentle Robert Le
Roux had not avowed his love. Lovel
my utmost ravings respecting Maria's
charms did not extract a sign of jealousy
from his philosophic soul! In the light
of my indignation at Maria's conduct, I
prayed that she might have cast af-
fections on the wind, and love, like me,
unloved. Alas! I knew not that their
plighted faith was on the eve of consum-
mation--that, secure in her esteem, he
rightly valued my impertinence, and suf-
fered the fire of my passion to prey with
uninterrupted force upon my own can-
kered and envenomed heart.

To add to my annoyance, Madame Cep-
hele conceived the strange idea that I
adored her low-browed, wide-mouthed
daughter; and, despite my utmost skill,
succeeded in forcing her abominable mis-
apprehension upon my society, whenever we made
a party of observation, or the necessities of
travelers compelled me to offer my ser-
vices to the ladies. Maria, too, affected to
believe the hints of the gratified mother,
and rallied me with one of those hateful
sneers which seemed to tear my very soul.

The cold Le Roux also congratulated me
on the conquest of his cousin's heart. I
could not thus openly insult the forward
Paris dolt thus exulting upon my success,
quitting a party which contained the at-
traction of my life. I submitted to the
repulsive attentions of the fond Leontine,
for the privilege of gazing upon the fasci-
nations of the cold Maria.

The exhilaration of our journey, the
purity of the mountain air and the river
breeze, and the presence of her beloved,
added new fire to her eye and implanted
the colors of health in her cheeks. When
our little party gained the confines of
France, her father declared that Maria
had never looked more lovely. I felt the
truth of the remark in the inmost re-
cesses of my heart. I was next day re-
quested to grace with my presence the
marriage ceremony; to witness the object
of my worldly adoration placed in the arms
of the unimpassioned Le Roux.

Such was the fascination of this incom-
parable beauty, that, when the seal of the
church had placed a final barrier to my
hopes, I found it impossible to leave her
society, although her conduct toward me
assumed a shade of positive aversion. I
pretended the warmest friendship for my
rival, her husband, who seemed, in his
apathetic habits, scarcely to appreciate
the value of his bride. I introduced him
to various of my acquaintances, and made
De Vere, the father of Maria, my con-
stant associate and friend. Le Roux's
means of life were small, and the income
of the father scarcely sufficed to keep the
family in comfort. I exerted myself in
Le Roux's behalf, and, by the interest of
a noble friend, secured him a lucrative
professorship in the Royal College at Ly-
ons. This conduct endeared me to the

family. The Cepheles smothered me
with caresses; Le Roux became actually
excited; and even Maria smiled on my
visits with such apparent kindness, that
I began to conceive hopes, if her husband
should chance to die, that she might be
induced to listen to my honorable love.

If her husband should chance to die!
The thought came accidentally into my
head, but it left a searing mark behind.
The words were written on my memory,
in letters of blood. If he should chance
to die!--had I not the power to control
that chance?

I fought with this suggestion of the
devil till I became almost mad. I stood,
one evening at the end of a ball-room,
watching the form of my idol, as she
glided through the mazes of the dance.
The sight of her unpossessed beauty stim-
ulated my heart--I hastened down stairs,
and as I neared the street, seized the arm
of the Chevalier Rittioni, an intimate ac-
quaintance, and dragging him down the
steps, I exclaimed, "Walk
abroad with me--I want air." The house
of our entertainer was situated on the
Grand Square Bellecour. We sauntered
quietly up and down beneath the lime
trees, while the dazzling splendor of the
full moon broke through the branches
which were waving in the breeze, and dap-
pled the ground with moving spots of
light. The night winds played upon my
brow and cooled its fire, and the soothing
influence of the scene calmed the beatings
of my heart.

"Let us return to the ball-room," said I.
"Not yet," said the Chevalier Rittioni.
"It is but seldom that I indulge Madame
Nature with a meeting; her charms are
transcendently vivid to-night, and there-
fore the other beauties must wait till I am
satiated with my new acquaintance. By
the way, Jerome, what is your prospect of
success with *ma belle Le Roux*?"

I turned indignantly upon the Cheva-
lier, but checked the reply already upon
my lips. It was evident that my atten-
tion to Maria had attracted the worldling's
notice; and a rash word might ruin the
character of her I adored.

"That I view Madame Le Roux with a
partial eye it is impossible to gainsay; but
she is not the wife of another, and her
honor is unimpeachable." "Morally ar-
gued, indeed," retorted he.
"The Saxon beauties are cold in matters
of the heart, I believe; unlike these black-
browed dames of Gaul, or the dark-eyed
darlings of our own sunny land. But your
lady-love seems apathetic to-night. Her
breast must be as cold as that of old Qua-
torze," said Rittioni, as we passed beneath
the questrian statue of Louis Le Grand,
"who sits grimly here in the chill moon-
light, and frowns on the beauty which he is
unable to enjoy."

"Her husband is but a clod," said I,
"and does not appreciate the value of the
gem which he possesses. The positive
fire of love has never been kindled in her
heart; and while that husband lives--"
"Ah! ha!" said Rittioni, in a sharp shrill
whisper; "and why should he live much
longer?"

I started at this ready echo to my un-
conscious thought. Rittioni observed my
agitation.

"If he coldly regards the treasure of
your soul, he is unworthy to retain his pos-
session. Fasten a quarrel upon him, pos-
sibly. He must fight, then, try if your
sword cannot do what his wife's fine eyes
have failed to effect--touch his heart."

A sense of horrible and meaning silence
ensued. Rittioni understood that his
scheme was not unpleasant to me.

"I perceive," said he, with a demoniac
grin; "in less than a week, Madame Le
Roux will sport *le bandeau aux veuves*."

"Can it not be done in some other way?"
said I, in a low thick voice. "I dare not
wed her with her husband's blood upon
my hands."

"All fancy," said Rittioni; "but if you
object to the butcher's office, or dislike
risking the chances of the combat, entice
him over the Alps, and the pay of a few
pistoles will bury an Italian scilicet be-
tween his ribs."

"No, no," said I; "I cannot buy his
blood."

"As you please," replied Rittioni. "I
neither wish to murder the man nor marry
his wife."